

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG's last Goodnight:

declaring how John Armstrong and his Eightscore Men, fought a bloody Battle with the Scotch King at Edenborough. To a pretty Northern Tune.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.



Is there never a man in all Scotland,
from the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself now before the King,
Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmorland,
and Jonny Armstrong they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horse and harness for them all,
and goodly steeds that he milks white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
with hats and feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving letter,
and with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Jonny Armstrong,
to come and speak with him speedily.

When John he looked this letter upon, [true,
good Lord he lookt as blith as a bird in a
I was never before a King in my life, [three :
my father, my grandfather, nor none of us

But seeing we must go before the King,
Lord, we will go most gallantly ;
we shall every one have a velvet-coat,
laid down with golden laces three

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And ye shall every one have a scarlet cloak
laid down with silver laces abe,
With your golden belts about your necks,
with hats and brave feathers all alike.

But when John he went from Giltknock-hall,
the wind it blew hard, & full fast it did rain,
How fare thee well thou Giltknock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

How Jonny is to Edenborough gone,
with his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
with their bucklers and swords hanging to
[their knee.

But when John came the King before,
with his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The King he mob'd his bonnet to him,
he thought he had been a King as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my Soberaign Leige,
pardon for my eightscore men and me,
For my name it is Jonny Armstrong,
and a subject of yours, my Leige, said he.

Away with thee, thou false raptor,
no pardon will I grant to thee,
But to morrow morning by eight of the clock
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Jonny lookt o'er his left shoulder,
and to his merry men thus said he,
I have asked grace of a graceless fate,
no pardon there is for you or me.

Then John pull'd out his mit-brown sword,
and it was made of mottle so free,
Had not the King mob'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come follow me my merry men all,
we will scorn one foot for to flye,
It shall ne'r be said we were hang like dogs,
we will fight it out so manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
for their hearts were sturdy, stout and free,
Till they had killed all the King's good guard,
there was none left alive but two or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
they rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
and run him thorow the fair body.

Said John, Fight on my merry men all;
I am a little wounded but am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
then I'll rise and fight with you again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
till many a man lay dead upon the plain;
For they were resolved before they would yield,
that every man would there be slain:

So there they fought courageously,
till most of them lay dead there and slain;
But little Musgrove that was his foot-page,
with his bonny giffel got away untain.

But when he came to Giltknock hall,
the Lady spied him presently,
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
what news from thy Master and his company?

My news is bad, Lady he said,
which I do bring, as you may see,
My Master Jonny Armstrong is slain,
and all his gallant company.

Pet thou art welcome home my bonny Giffel;
full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
and thy sides shall be spur'd no more, I say.

Then bespake his little son,
as he sat on his nurse's knee,
'If ever I like to be a man,
'my father's death reveng'd shall be.'